

PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY,

AND

WEEKLY REGISTER.

PRINTED BY DAVID HOGAN, NO. 51, SOUTH THIRD-STREET, NEARLY OPPOSITE THE UNITED STATES' BANK.
Where Subscriptions, Advertisements and Literary Communications, will be Thankfully Received.

Saturday, November 28, 1801.

OLD NICK:

A SATIRICAL STORY.

(CONTINUED)

GREGORY had no appetite; he therefore employed himself until the chaise arrived, in preparing a few articles for young Barclay, which would otherwise have certainly been neglected.

The roads from Oxford to London are so good, and the post horses so ready to go when their drivers are properly spurred, which was the case in this instance, that I shall make but a step from the one place to the other.

There is nothing more awful in nature than the bed of death. Nothing more affectingly interesting than to see a beloved son kneeling there and receiving the last blessing of an expiring father; a blessing far better and more valuable than that bestowed by healthful parents; a blessing pronounced with the departing breath of one, who, standing as it were on the very perch of immortality, may more confidently hope to be heard by him from whom all blessings flow. Such, however, was not here the case. He who wants the forgiveness of his children, and dreads the just anger of God, can have no blessing to give that can be expected to avail them ought.

Our hero found his father attended by a nurse and two physicians. As he entered the room with Gregory, his emaciated countenance, which his son could with difficulty recognize, was for a moment illumined with a ray of pleasure and satisfaction, that seemed also to warm his heart and afford his whole frame a short-lived vigour.

Seizing Barclay's hand with a convulsive grasp of inexpressible feeling, he requested those who were present to retire and leave him with his son.

Barclay having seated himself on the bed, held his father's right hand tenderly in his. —The old gentleman, leaning his head upon the other remained in that posture a few moments, as if to recollect his scattered thoughts. At last, raising himself on his pillow, he began:

"See, my son, to what a state I am reduced: it is deplorable; however, it will soon be at an end; but you my son, where will you be—?"

Here his repeated sobs prevented his utterance, and he fell backward. Again, summoning all his resolution, he renewed his speech.

"My time is short, I will therefore be brief and open. Do what you will, say what you can, you cannot add to my affliction: I am ruined: you are a beggar. You, my son, (too good for such a father!) whom I have brought up as a gentleman, thinking I could amply provide for you, (and Heaven knows how well I could have done so, but for my accursed avarice) are now abandoned, and left to seek a subsistence, without being instructed in the means to gain one. I lent my fortune, by degrees, on speculations that have gradually involved and consumed the whole to nothing. You may upbraid me, my son, but you come too late to break my heart!" "What!" cried Barclay with an affected smile, "and shall this rob me of my father? No! I am able and will work: I can get a livelihood, for us both, I warrant you.—Be comforted—let not a circumstance you could not avoid, and in which you endeavoured to act for the best (for that I know you did), prey upon the spirits and destroy the rest of my father!"

The old man rising and exclaiming, "My son, my son!" threw his arms about his neck, and wept bitterly.

Barclay, thinking he had succeeded, continued—"Nay, my father, let not the fickleness of chance cast us down. The accidents of fortune form the misery of fools: wise men laugh at them. Do not imagine the generous education you have bestowed on me, will suffer any such low and grovelling sentiments to occupy my mind. No, dear sir! he that has nothing to complain of but fortune, is, believe me, of all mankind, the least in need of pity. Our consciences are clear, and we may still be happy; indeed we may!"

As he spoke the concluding words and hoped to see their good effect, his father uttered a deep groan, and precipitately hid his face beneath the cloathes. Barclay was agitated to the greatest degree, but durst not speak. At length the father once more gave vent to his sorrows:

"Hear, then," cried he, "hear, young man, the villainy of your father; and, oh! let it live for ever in your memory. While I yet have time I will unburden that conscience, which you (judging, I hope, from your own) think so clear and blameless; but which in these my last moments (for I feel they are so), is my greatest torment and reproach. A little time before I married your mother, I, by chance, met with a lovely, virtuous girl in humble life, whom I plied with presents and flattery, until, won by my arts, she trusted to my honour, and was ruined. She proved with child. I, at this period, a thoughtless young man, only contrived how to get out of the difficulty, and rid myself of the burden. She, poor girl! could not afford to keep the child; I therefore, as the shortest way, paid a sum of money to the parish-officers, thought no more of it, and, being tired of

my conquest (for there is soon a satiety of unlawful love), I abandoned her. With your mother, though the best of women, I was justly never happy. Dying while you were young, the loss of her made me think seriously of the girl I had so basely wronged; but I was ashamed to inquire after her for some years. About three twelve-months ago, however, my conscience oppressed me so severely that I wished to make some search, but knew not where. The only place I could think of was the work-house, where, perhaps, they might give me some information, as she might have been a more affectionate parent than myself. Seventeen years had elapsed, and I was at first deterred by the dread of finding my child, who was most likely illiterate, low-bred, and a disgrace to me. However, my compunction prevailed, and caused me to esteem no disgrace equal to that of leaving my child, and a woman I had ruined, probably in misery and wretchedness. I did as I resolved, but they knew nothing of her."

"Well, well! ejaculated Barclay, with eager expectation," "but the child—; you—."

"With trembling I questioned them about my child. At first they denied ever having had such a one; at last they recollected merely that, within a few years after it had been left there, somebody had come and taken it away, which, they told me, they were always very glad to allow of, if the person promised they should never return to trouble them more.

"From that moment I could learn nothing. Am I then a man," continued he, "to wish for life? What greater misery can I sustain? Have I not ruined a woman I loved,—once dearly loved! and brought perhaps her infant, my child, to infamy and want? You, even you, my son, I have not spared! No, I have spared none, but, like a foul, wide-spreading pestilence, destroyed the peace and comfort of every thing within my influence. To live, then, were dreadful! To die!—"

Here he suddenly fell back, and, as if some despairing thought had followed his last words, he groaned inwardly, and presently ejaculated, with a cry that pierced the heart of his son,—“O God! my brain, my brain!” and instantly went into the most alarming convulsion.

Gregory, who was ever on the watch, hearing an uncommon noise, rushed into the chamber, and assisted by administering a draught the doctor had prescribed in those cases, to recover him. He then, unseen by the old man, withdrew to the farther end of the room.

Now turning to his son, with a countenance marked with horror and dismay, he exclaimed, “Pray by me! let me hear some comfort!”

Barclay immediately took the prayer book, and kneeling by the bed-side, read some prayer which promises forgiveness to every sinner that repenteth. In this, fervently, but silently, he was accompanied by Gregory, on his knees, at the other end of the chamber.

When he had done, he found his father in tears, and over his features were spread the soft serenity of pious resignation, and heart-cheering hope.

Shortly after, feeling the sand of the last glass of life nearly exhausted, he begged his son's forgiveness for his past conduct. “Your conduct,” cried Barclay, “has done me no wrong, only as it conspires to shorten your days. Live, oh! live, my father!”

The old man folded him in his arms;—’twas their last embrace! Breaking abruptly from him, he said, “I go! Tell your friend Keppel I did not forget him in my expiring moments, and do all that is in your power (for I have none) to reward the faithful Gregory.” Then clasping his hands together, as if in ardent but humble prayer to Heaven, he breathed his last.

CHAPTER III.

A good reason for a wife's grief at the death of her husband—An Epigram.—Who may be faultless.—What the author likes—A soliloquy—Keppel von Hein.—An ingenious smile respecting friendship.

WE may so far succeed in deceiving others by words and actions, as to make them long believe our feelings to be the very reverse of what they really are. We may, and indeed we often do, for a time, even cajole ourselves with the idea of being actuated by much nobler and purer motives than any to which we have a right to ascribe our conduct.

In Malabar, a stranger might easily form a false notion of the cause of so much grief as the wives constantly exhibit there, on the death of their husbands, if he were not previously told that it is customary to burn both parties, the living and the dead, on the same pile. An epigram, written by a friend of mine, will put this instance in a clearer light.

EPIGRAM.

On a woman of Malabar weeping excessively at the loss of her husband.

STRANGER.

Sure never with affliction more sincere,
Did widow heave a sigh, or shed a tear.

MAN OF MALABAR.

’Tis true! but think not parting grieves her so.
They must not part; and hence her sorrows flow.

This Asiatic custom has one great merit. It ensures the wife's tenderest care of her husband's health while he lives, and the most unfeigned grief at his death.

But to bring this reasoning more home to the subject we are upon, I shall inform the reader, that after old Temple had ceased to live, Barclay, leaving Gregory bellying at the bedside, withdrew to a parlour below stairs, there to indulge the sorrows with which he was oppressed. Recollecting the fine sentiments he uttered to his father, it will naturally strike us that he must be wholly, and to the neglect of all baser considerations, taken up in bewailing his loss. But if I have no doubt that he himself thought so at the moment, I have also no doubt that his grief was mixed, and in a great measure occasioned by the forlorn and penniless situation to which he found himself thus suddenly reduced. It is far from my intention to insinuate any thing by this, that may detract from the generosity and nobleness of character which my hero possessed. With all his good qualities, he was still a man; and I contend, that the feelings I have described are perfectly in conformity to those of human nature. The hero of romance may be faultless, but the hero who treads the path of life must have his frailties. He that has no failings I disown. He is not one of us, and I care nothing about him. Give me the man who is not free from the little amiable frailties of his nature, and I will acknowledge him as my brother! He may with truth be said to be a wise man who never does any thing without knowing why he does it, and that it is right to do it. He is not, however, in my eyes, more to be admired than envied; for most of our little pleasure arise from doing things for which we have no reason, or at any rate but a bad one. Now it is my opinion (and I heed not how many dissent from it), that he who is always wise is a fool. I will not affirm with ANACREON†, that *I wished to be mad*, but I will say that I like to be foolish sometimes. Perhaps the reader will think before I leave him, that I like to be so too often.—But I don't care what he thinks; I shall go on with my story.

This is a good situation for a soliloquy. Scene, a parlour. Barclay lying on a sofa before the fire.—After ruminating for some minutes on the death of his father, and on the circumstances which had so much embittered his last moments, he exclaimed, “Oh, my father can I ever forget thy end! Peace be unto thy spirit! May the anguish thou hast suffered, added to the sincerity of thy repentance, atone for the crime thou

† Od. xiii. on himself.

last committed, and render thee fit to be numbered with the happy! Would to heaven that the rash and thoughtless youth, who, with cruel levity, course through the town in search of innocence, and count it glory to destroy it, had been present at thy death, and received the awful lesson it inculcated! I shall never cease to think of it! He who takes from an amiable girl her virtue,

"Robs her of that which not enriches him,
But makes her poor indeed!"

Would that this reflection, just as it is, were more generally made!

Grief is apt to make us all moralists. Then think not the worse of Barclay, ye belles; do not hate him for it, ye beaux!

Knock, knock, knock!

"Come in," cried Barclay.

"But I can't," replied a voice, "for you have locked the door. Come open it; open it, my friend; I must and will see you."

Barclay rose to let in the visitor: 'twas Keppel Von Hein, the friend whose character I have so briefly touched upon, that it may be well to add something more of it, before we proceed with the purport and end of the present visit.

Of his family I can say nothing. Though often pressed on that head by our hero, he constantly avoided all communication; and the mention of it evidently gave him so much pain and uneasiness, that Barclay had long since studiously abstained from introducing it in the remotest way. I have said that he was the reverse of his friend, which will be manifested by the following short description:

He was considerably above the middle size, so much so as to be denominated a tall man; his features were bold and manly, but his brows were heavy and forbidding. In company he was agreeable, but often thoughtful and abstracted. His temper was irascible, and he rarely forgave an injury: being, from some unknown event, displeased with the world, he was generally very severe in his reflections. His acquaintances were few: friends he had but one: the former respected him as a being cast in no common mould; the latter, who was Barclay, loved him in his heart, admired his virtues, and sighed over his faults, which, like his virtues, were great. He, indeed, was incapable of any thing little or trifling; there was no medium in his actions; wherever he felt an attachment, he left no means untried to make it mutual. Barclay had been his associate at school and at college; he knew that he would willingly sacrifice any thing for Keppel, but still he knew not how his affection for him had

arisen to such a degree. "We cannot tell," says a certain author, "the precise moment when friendship is formed. As in filling a vessel drop by drop, there is at last a drop which makes it run over; so in a series of kindnesses, there is at last one which makes the heart run over."

This delicious drop, the sweetest in the cup of life, had Barclay experienced. This happy moment, worth whole years of common existence, he had enjoyed; but like all other excessive pleasure, it came big with succeeding sorrow and affliction.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

ON THE VIRTUES OF THE BILLIARD TABLE.

AN EXTRACT.

Communicated by a Subscriber.

"Nothing but the virtue of the people is wanting to secure and perfect that glorious system of jurisprudence, which the wisdom of our senators has prescribed, and our arms have secured. Without virtue, freedom is a curse—liberty a loose for licentiousness—and independence breaks down the political moulds, which from necessity might have withstood the torrent of vice.

"The natural disposition of mankind is originally much the same in all nations—external circumstances influencing that disposition, must be the sources of national characteristics. This influence first is acquired from our passion for novelty, but continued from habit. The passion for novelty is constitutional—Adam and Eve had it in paradise. No man can be to blame, therefore, for possessing it—he is only answerable for his conduct under the influence of it. Let virtue direct it, and the end is very laudible: it will be attended with glorious effects.

"This caused the great improvements in arts during the war, and the refinements in manners which are visible in and characterise this country. Few nations ever made such rapid strides. The many instances wherein we have refined upon our former manners in this city, it would be tedious to repeat. I will confine myself to one improvement, whose happy effects, from its novelty, are not universally known. For the benefit of the friends to mental improvement, to the refinement of human nature, and to the happiness of society, the theme of this shall be "the virtues of a billiard table."

"The art of playing dexterously on this table, is one of the most elegant accomplishments of gentlemen of spirit and spunk in every quarter of the refined world.

"There is something in it peculiarly adapted to the happy political constitution of the state. It reduces all to a perfect level; the sot, merchant, cobbler, captain, blacksmith, spruce gal-

lant, pick-pocket, and jockey, are all hale fellows well met, and merit is the only true criterion of eminence.

"Such a general and promiscuous collection must certainly have a most happy influence over the gay and thoughtless youths of this city. It was ever a virtue in the young to revere and imitate the aged. Happy for them it is, that here they may follow the example even of those whose grey hairs stimulated them to a redemption of their time, by the constant repetition of memento mori.

"Idleness is attended with most unhappy consequences in all societies. One essential virtue of the billiard table, is to open a genteel employment for those who would otherwise have nothing to do; and so happy is the effect, that when once engaged, the risque of health and interest are scarce sufficient to call aside their passionate attention.

"By the pleasures of society, and the genial warmth of merry Bacchus, and the flowing bowl, we imbibe the feelings of the patriot and philanthropist.

"Are you a moralist? Here you may draw a lesson of improvement—A philosopher? Here you may apply the principles of your profession—A mathematician? Here you may put in practice the rules of your art—the art of levelling—the use of diagonals—the momentum of impinging bodies—the compound direction of oblique forces—the perfect equality of the angles of incidence and reflection, with almost the whole science of trigonometry, so useful for seamen.

"In short, this excellence of employment inspires us with reverence for religion, by frequently addressing, invoking, and calling upon the name of that sacred Majesty, who disposes the fortune of our game. To close all, it opens a useful school for the knowledge of human nature;—it displays in the most lively colours, the whole catalogue of passions which torture the soul, from the beginning of fear and anxiety, the anguish of grief and black despair, which ends the wretch in horror."

HISTORICAL MEMORANDUMS.

Sigismund, Emperor of Germany, being one day asked, what was the surest method of remaining happy in this world? replied—"Only do always in health, what you have often promised to do when you were sick."

Charles the XII. of Sweden, after completely defeating Augustus, king of Poland, was eagerly pressed by his favourite, Count Pípea to take possession of that kingdom for himself. He sternly refused, and gave it to Stanislaus; repeating, "It is much more noble to give away kingdoms than to acquire them."

ORIGINAL TALE.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Ruins.

COLD and dreary was the path pursued by the wretched MARIA, as she slowly wandered through the thick underwood in the forest of Darwood, which impeded her progress, and presented almost insurmountable obstacles to the prosecution of her journey. Persecuted by fortune, tortured by the remembrance of past scenes, and upbraided by conscience, she scarcely endeavoured to trace the path which would extricate her from the dreary wilds, and which had now become almost imperceptible. At every step her arms were torn by the intermixing branches, and she had almost attained a state of enviable insensibility to her misfortunes, when a sudden glare of light flashed upon the path. Reanimated with its appearance, the unfortunate Maria anxiously turned towards the light, and found it to proceed from a building scarcely visible through the closely-woven foliage. In vain she attempted to reach the object which presented itself; for so intensely was she engaged in keeping it in view, that she heeded not the path she was pursuing, obstructed by fallen trees and withered branches, till her foot caught in the root of a tree, and she fell senseless on the ground. No human being was nigh to protect the unfortunate girl, unless the structure, which had been for a moment visible, contained some one who could feel for the distresses of another. No supernatural appearance was necessary to heighten the horrors of the scene. The moon was totally obscured by the clouds, and the humid state of the atmosphere seemed to precede a storm. The wind howled through the trees, while the rustling of their tops, high-waving to the breeze, rendered it a scene suited to the melancholy disposition of the pensive occupant of the neighbouring mansion, who loved to wander amid the "embowering woods," when all the world was enveloped in the sable mantle of night. The dampness which prevailed, together with the total darkness, confined him to his lonely dwelling;—but had he been conscious of the existence of a person in distress so near him, the genuine goodness of his heart would have instantly prompted him to hasten to the assistance of the deserted Maria. Deserted in-

deed by the cheering influence of the fond deceiver, hope;—lost to the world, to virtue, and to fame. Manston, the secluded inmate of the structure which had caught the eye of the unfortunate Maria, possessed a heart susceptible to the warm emotions of compassion, and alive to every feeling of sensibility. He remained upon his seat at the door of his dwelling, wrapt in reflection upon scenes of past delight and regretted pleasure, when a groan from the recovering Maria, struck on his ear.—He started from his reverie, and was voluntarily hastening into the wood, when he paused with the reflection that the sound might have been ideal, but a repetition of the groan undeceived him. He returned to the house, and placing the light in a lanthorn, sallied into the forest in search of the unfortunate sufferer. After some time elapsed in the intricate search, he discovered her prostrate on the damp earth, while a repetition of heart-rending groans announced the return of suspended animation. Manston gently raised her from the ground, and bore her in his arms to his cottage. He laid her on his lonely couch, and administering a restorative cordial, he soon had the satisfaction of seeing her recover from her insensibility. With a sigh she opened her large blue eyes, and fixing them with an expression of gratitude on the venerable countenance of her preserver, she poured forth the language of grateful sensibility, for his providential interference, and requested to know to whom she was indebted for the preservation of a life, which, though it had been embittered by misfortune, the impulse of nature forced her to wish for its continuance. With a smile of blended pity and tenderness, he requested her not to seek to know what he himself wished to forget. "I have long since," said the hospitable Manston, "bid adieu to the world, and in this sequestered retirement, whose solitude is seldom profaned by the foot of interested mortals, I strive to forget that I have ever existed but in it. Misfortunes, fair stranger, have been my constant attendants for many years, till I entered this secluded retreat, whose gloomy horrors are perfectly congenial with the melancholy of my disposition, and could I bury in oblivion the remembrance of my past life, I might attain a state of tranquillity enviable to many of the inhabitants of the busy world." "The frowns of fortune," replied Maria, "have been our mutual experience; but I fear that in this world I shall never be sensible of her smiles." The considerate Manston then interposed, to prevent the continu-

ance of a conversation which he justly conceived would only occasion vain regrets, for scenes which could not be remembered with pleasure, and which, in the present situation of his guest, might prove prejudicial to her health.

Maria had received no material injury from her fall in the forest; but the poignancy of recollected sorrow, and the remembrance of her forlorn condition, co-operated with the pain of her bruises, to deprive her of that repose which she so much needed. Left to her own reflections by the retreat of Manston, she poured out her adorations to the Supreme Being, who views with a pitying eye the failings of humanity, and who can pardon a lapse from virtue when attended by sincere contrition. The first faint rays of light aroused the unfortunate wanderer from the melancholy reverie, and hailed the exhilarating beams of the sun with a faint sensation of pleasure.

Left at an early age a friendless orphan, without the slightest knowledge of her parents, and uncertain whether they existed, or were translated to the regions of happiness, Maria seemed devoted from her birth to be the sport of capricious fortune. She had, it is true, found a kind protector of her infancy in the Countess of Davenport, but death had deprived her of her only support when at the critical age of seventeen. Maria possessed a too susceptible heart, and an extraordinary portion of sensibility. These virtues, instead of being confined to their proper limits by the dictates of prudence, or the admonitions of wisdom, were left to their natural exuberance by the decease of her kind mistress, who had vainly endeavoured to instil into the mind of the volatile Maria, that fortitude which would support her against the frowns of fortune, and that firmness of mind which would make her insensible to the seducing blandishments of adulation. Left thus without a mistress to aid her with the fruit of experience, she listened to the soft voice of love and flattery, and fell from the commanding dignity of virtue into the abyss of ruin and despair, which opened to receive her. All before her was a melancholy prospect, unilluminated with the cheering radiance of hope, and presenting the grave as the only refuge from the corroding sorrows of reflection, and the sneers of a proud world.

Manston found his guest still indisposed, but not so much so as to prevent her attending at his lonely breakfast. Only one servant was retained by the secluded tenant of this sequestered spot, as perfectly com-

petent to administer to his necessities. Several days elapsed ere he had the satisfaction of witnessing the perfect recovery of Maria, whose beautiful countenance, tinged with the dark hue of melancholy, deeply interested him, and the similitude of their fates at once attached them to each other. Rationally concluding, that the subject of her misfortunes would be a disagreeable topic, he kindly forbore to enquire to what occurrences he had the pleasure of her company, and affectionately requested her to reside with him till a more agreeable home invited her departure.—“Here,” said the considerate Manston, “you will be secure from insult and injury;—this retirement will afford you a residence which will never be disturbed by the intrusion of men, and to all the humble comforts it affords you will ever be heartily welcome.”

With a melancholy smile of gratitude, Maria gracefully thanked him for his hospitality; and although in days that were past, she would have disdained to be under obligations to a stranger, yet her pride was subdued by misfortune, and she gladly accepted the proffered friendship of Manston. His venerable countenance commanded her esteem and reverence, and his open manners obtained her confidence.

Attended by the hospitable recluse, she would often wander through the forest, to the ruins of an ancient monastery, which had once reared its majestic head amid the entangled mazes of the wood, and was, except the humble cottage of Manston, the sole structure for a considerable distance. The borders of the forest were not more than three miles distant from the ruins; but the intricacy of the path was a sufficient security against the intrusion of any inhabitant of the noisy world. This favourite spot was the scene of many an agreeable concert, as Manston had taken with him into his solitude, a lute and clarinet, from whose harmonious notes he had derived a pleasing alleviation of the poignancy of his regret for past scenes. A long seclusion from the world had soothed his wounded mind into a pensive tranquillity, and the remembrance of events long past occasioned no passionate murmurs against the dispensations of Providence, but with pious resignation, he bowed submissive to the decrees of the Being, whom his understanding, free from the false illumination of modern philosophy, acknowledged as all-wise and omnipotent.

JULIUS.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

Solomon the wise detected in an error —Bucks of the present day,—their preposterous fashions —Old fashioned women.—A strange figure.—New and cheap mode of replenishing a wardrobe.

SOLOMON said, there was nothing new under the sun; but if he lived in these days, he would be convinced that his former opinion was erroneous: for, certainly, the changes, which (in obedience to the command of the fickle goddess of fashion,) take place in dress, present almost daily to the view, something new, unsightly and ridiculous.

The bucks of the present day, however, seem determined to out-do their simple ancestors in the invention or adoption of the most preposterous fashions;—the coats and waistcoats, which but lately were worn full and long, are now most miserably curtailed, while the pantaloons, formerly short, are made to extend from the feet to the armpits. Walking through the streets the other day, in company with two honest, but simple old-fashioned seamen, we met one of these votaries of fashion, one of these long-legged nobodies; my companions could not forbear laughing at the strange figure, and one of them told me he knew the fellow to be a coward, for he carried his heart in his b——s.

But to leave off trifling: I must confess, this fashion has really some advantages, of which the following circumstance is an instance: My friend Frederick Flashy's wardrobe, was, before the present fashion was adopted, but scantily furnished; he had out-grown most of his coats and waistcoats, and being as scantily supplied with cash as clothing, and desirous of adopting the present fashion, he applied to me for advice. I advised him to send his coats and waistcoats, (which, though they were too small for convenience, were nevertheless large enough to admit of their being altered to the common form) to citizen Stich, the tailor, for this purpose; which he did, and with the assistance of a pair of long pantaloons, and modern fire-buckets*, he now makes a fashionable appearance, at a small expence.

CARLOS.

* Fashionable booties.

ANECDOTE.

THE Steward of the Duke of Guise representing to him the necessity there was of more economy in his household, gave him a list of many persons whose attendance was superfluous. The Duke, after reading it, said, “It is true, I can do without all these people, but have you asked them if they can do without me?”

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

*Sumite materiam vestris qui scribitis æquam
Viribus; et veritate diu, quid forte recitent.
Quid valeant lumerei.* HON. AER. FORT.

Authors, chuse a subject equal to your strength and ponder long on what your genius shrinks from, and what it is able to bear. DAVID.

MR. HOGAN,

YOUR poetical correspondent has roundly asserted, that “Urania never loved singing.” Many of your readers have had their curiosities raised to a considerable degree, and I have heard these questions often asked—Who was Urania? What was her employment? Why was her name chosen for the title of a Society, whose principal aim was improvement in sacred harmony? That their curiosity may be in some degree gratified, and that young poets may at least know something of their favourites, the Muses, I hope the following essay may not be altogether deemed useless.

Pausanias, in Eoat. C. 29, says, that there were but three Muses, viz. Melete, Mneme, and Aoede; that is, Meditation, Memory, and Song: but Hesiod, who has given the generation of all the gods, informs us that the Muses are nine in number, the daughters of Jupiter and Mnemosyne, that all their delight was in banquets and singing; and hence gives them the title of “*Eduepeiai Mousai*,” which cannot be done justice to by any word in our language—Fancy you hear nine ladies, eminent for their sweetness of voice, reciting, or singing a piece of their own composition, which possesses all the graces of poetry, and you will have a just idea of the title *eduepeiai*.

The Muses were esteemed by the ancients the patronesses of poets; from them they ever sought inspiration, and their addresses were made to them all, unless on particular occasions. They considered them as endowed with all wisdom, consequently presiding over arts and sciences; but still in this presidence, Song was never forgotten: Accordingly Hesiod tells us, that the Muses, in their celestial habitations, sung of the origin of all things, the birth of the gods, heroes and nymphs, and invokes them, in their united capacity, to give him a lovely little song, that so he might be able to accomplish his great design.

Macrobius says, eight of them sung, the ninth, Calliopic, who was their chief, never sung; her business was to preside over Rhetoric and Eloquence.

In giving her this superiority, he is supported by Hesiod, who ascribes to her all the advantages which man has enjoyed from

the eloquence of the orator and the beauty of composition. Homer in one particular only differs from Macrobius: In his hymn to Apollo he says, by "turns the nine delight to sing."—And it is by no means improbable; for a lady blessed with a sweet voice, a most refined taste for poetical composition, and famed for eloquence, I am apt to think would, *at least*, try to sing—With Homer also Callimachus agrees in his epigram, in which he has given us the attributes of the muses—"Calliope sings the deeds of heroes." Some of the names of the muses are of uncertain derivation—But poets have ever considered them as including an allegorical meaning: As for example—

Clio, was so named because those men who are celebrated by the poets gain immortality.

Euterpe, because of the pleasure those feel who hear learned poetry.

Thalia, means ever flourishing.

Melpomene, her melody steals into the soul.

Terpsichore marks the pleasure that flows from a knowledge of arts.

Erato, is supposed to mean, that the learned receive the approbation of all mankind.

Polyhymnia, that many poets, from the excellence of their productions, are immortal.

Urania, that those, whom she instructs, elevate their contemplations to the heavens, and hence receive their fame.

Calliope has received her name, because she is said to be the inventress of eloquence and rhetoric.

From what has been quoted from the ancients, it must appear evident, that your correspondent, who asserts "that Urania never loved singing or singers," is, be his talents what they may in other respects, but superficially acquainted with the ancient poets, and knows little of Pagan mythology: indeed, for being ignorant of these things he never would have been censured, had he not come forward with bold assertions, which cannot be proved. When the poet sings of great men he invokes Calliope; when the tragic strain delights him, his address is made to Melpomene; but when he sings of God, of heaven, of the angelic glories and of the sun moon and stars, then Urania is his patroness.—Do you still ask my authority? If what I have said be not sufficient, take the following, from our own Milton, Book 7, first line, &c.

Descend from Heaven, *Urania*, by that name
If rightly thou art call'd, whose voice divine
Soll'wing above the Olympian hills, I hear
Above the flight of pegasus wing

The meaning, not the name, I call; for thou,
Nor of the muses nine, nor on the top
Of old Olympus dwells't; but heav'nly born,
Before the hills appear'd, or fountains flow'd,
Thou with Eternal Wisdom didst converse,
Wisdom thy sister, and with her didst play
In presence of th' Almighty Father, pleas'd
With thy celestial song.—

From this view of the subject, I hope your correspondent will in future, learn to weigh and examine before he judges; for if we pronounce rashly, on any subject, generally speaking, our judgment will be found erroneous.

Had the members of the Society chosen any other of the Muses, and after her named their institution, they would have committed an egregious blunder. None but *Urania* can accord with sacred harmony; which, with *Urania*, mounts above the heavens, and sings the praise of God.

J. C

ORIGIN OF SEVERAL VALUABLE DISCOVERIES.

GLASS.

IT is certain, says Pliny, that the most valuable discoveries have found their origin in the most trivial accidents. "As some merchants were carrying nitre, they stopt near a river, which issues from Mount Carmel, and not happening to find stones for the purpose of resting their kettles upon, they substituted in their place some pieces of the nitre, which the fire gradually dissolving, mixed with the sand, and occasioned a transparent matter to flow, which, in fact, was nothing else but glass."

BARK.

AN Indian, in a delirious fever, having been left by his companions by the side of a river, for the purpose of quenching his thirst, conceiving him incurable, drank large and copious draughts of the stream, which, having imbibed the virtues of the bark from the trees which grew upon its margin, soon vanquished the fever, and he returned to his astonished friends perfectly restored.

The singularity of the circumstance excited their surprise, and awakened their superstition; the indisposed crowded round the holy stream, as they termed it, and experienced its healing effects without being able to discover the cause from which it was derived. The sages of the tribes, however, found out, at length, in what it consisted, and disclosed the important secret. In the year 1640, the Americans became acquainted with the use of this excellent medicine; and in 1649, its fame

had extended into Spain, Italy and Rome, through the representation of cardinal Lugo, and other Jesuits, who had beheld its surprising and wonderful effects.

TELESCOPES.

IT is said, the use of telescopes was first discovered by one Hansen, a spectacle-maker, whose children, playing in the shop, casually placed a convex and concave glass in such a manner, that, by looking through them at the weathercock, they observed it appeared much larger and nearer than usual, and, by their expressions of surprise, excited the attention of their father, who soon obtained great credit for this useful discovery.

COFFEE.

A Prior belonging to a monastery in that part of Arabia where this berry grows in the greatest abundance, having observed that the goats which ate it, became extremely brisk and alert, resolved to try the experiment upon his monks, of whom he continually complained for their lethargic propensities. The experiment proved successful; and it is said, that it is owing to this circumstance, that the use of this Arabian berry became universal.

STEERING SHIPS.

HEYLIN, in his cosmography, tells us, that the art of steering was discovered by a man of the name of Typhis, who took his hints for making both the rudder and helm, from seeing a kite, in flying, guide her whole body by her tail.

THE PURPLE-DYE.

THE purple-dye was found out at Tyre, by the simple circumstance of a dog seizing the fish *conchilis* or *purpura*, by which his lips were observed to be tinged with that beautiful colour.

THE PENDULUM.

IT is said, that Galileo accidentally fixing his eyes on the waving to and fro of a lamp suspended from the roof of a lofty building, had the first idea of a pendulum suggested to his mind.

✂ A YOUNG MARRIED WOMAN, with a fresh breast of milk, wishes to take in a child to nurse; the most satisfactory recommendations can be given. Enquire at No. 242, South Third-street.

The Subscribers to the Philadelphia Repository are respectfully informed, that their 14th payment of 25 cents, will be collected on Saturday next by the Carriers.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

The Dessert.

SONNET VII.

INNOCENCE.

Without innocence beauty is unlovely, and good-breeding degenerates into wantonness. SPECTATOR.

Behold bright INNOCENCE! Imperial queen
Of all the Female virtues here below;
So shines, 'mid twinkling stars that round
her glow,
Night's empress rob'd in majesty serene.

At her effulgence, *Vice's* train takes flight:
Where'er she turns her beauty-beaming
eyes,

New flow'rs spring up, and freshen'd odours rise;

And gay Elysiums burst upon the sight.

Parent of all that's glorious, good and great,

She smiles upon the genius of our land:
Love, friendship, joy and bliss wait her command;

Her rainbow-radiance gilds our varied fate.

Oh, brightest jewel of Columbia's Fair,
Be ever thou their ornament and care.

AMYNTOR.

ANSWER TO THE ENIGMATICAL LIST
IN OUR LAST.

From several correspondents.

1. Miss Duffield.
2. Miss Parker.
3. Miss Pinkerton.
4. Mary Smith.
5. Maria Baker.
6. Miss Irwin.
7. Miss Stewart.

ENIGMATICAL LIST OF YOUNG LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.

Continued.

8. One third of the metropolis of England, the sixth consonant, and two ninths of a small delicious fruit.
9. Three sevenths of an aromatic bean, one half of the name of a female relation, and the second vowel.
10. A quick thriving tree, beginning with the first vowel.
11. Two thirds of an house of entertainment, a serpentine letter, and the lowest timber of a ship, changing the last letter.
12. The first shoot of a plant, and the habitation of the king of beasts.
13. The name of a stop in writing, altering the third letter, and adding a French measure.
14. Three sevenths of the season for reaping, two thirds of the most industrious insect, and half a small poem.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

ENIGMATICAL LIST.

OF YOUNG LADIES OF GERMANTOWN.

1. A preposition, and quietness.
2. To govern, changing the third letter; and two thirds of what we are all liable to do.
3. An account; the oblique case of I; a vowel; and two thirds of to mistake.
4. Away; half a wild fruit; and half a language.
4. Three fifths of a colour; and half a metal.
6. A vessel; and an enclosure for fowls.
7. A season, changing a letter.
8. To fetch; and to fly open, changing the first letter.

F.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO TWICE-EIGHT.

SIR,

I have seen your groundless objection to my solution to the cube numbers.

You say the difference of the two cube numbers which I found is $=28$; in order to prove your assertion erroneous, the roots found in the Repository No. 51, are $\frac{37}{6}$ and $-\frac{55}{6}$, an affirmative and a negative, which cubed gives $\frac{659503}{17576}$ and $-\frac{166375}{17576}$, two cube numbers, an affirmative and a negative, which will answer the conditions of the question, whose sum is $\frac{492128}{17576} = 28$, and difference $\frac{824878}{17576} = 46\frac{191}{784}$, which is more than 28, hence it is evident, you can neither add nor subtract.

But in order to find two affirmative cube numbers, that will answer the conditions of the question, let the roots found $\frac{37}{6}$ and $-\frac{55}{6}$ be substituted for a , and b , in the equation $x = \frac{3a^2b}{b^3 - a^3}$ Repository, No. 51, gives the value of $x = \frac{108652995}{21440824}$, from which the roots are found to be $\frac{63284705}{21440824}$ & $\frac{28340511}{21440824}$, the sum of whose cubes is $=28$. Thus, Mr. Sixteen, I have found two answers to the question,—can you find the third!

N. MAJOR.

SOLUTION to T. W. DE LA TIENDA'S
Question, which appeared in the 53d
number of the Repository.

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 $= 38905248049941449627656 \frac{4}{16}$ bushels.
which, at 8s. 8d. per bushel, amount to

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A Student of the Philadelphia Academy.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

SONNET,

TO T. W. DE LA TIENDA.

"Then comes the retort courteous."

SHAKESPEARE.

Sweet prince of poesy, source of silly songs!
How shall my muse attempt the votive lay?
Or with uncultur'd skill the tribute pay,
Which to thy nonsense-breathing pen be-
longs?

Whether love-nothings trickle from thy quill,
Or pointless satire, ignorant of its theme;
In both, of dullness flows the very cream;
In both thou shin'st unrivall'd, peerless still.

Ah! if thou art a foe to gloomy care,
And lov'st to see admirers smile around;
If of Fame's trump thou lov'st the golden
sound,

Spouting thy name thro' circumambient air:
In short, if nonsense still dwells in thy brain,
Again thou'lt write—and we will laugh a-
gain. L'ALLEGRO.

PHILADELPHIA,

NOVEMBER 28, 1801.

Marriages.

MARRIED....In this City....On the 7th inst. by the Rev. Dr. Schmidt, Mr. Jeremiah Piersol, merchant, to Miss Ann Maria Kucher, daughter of the late Col. Christopher Kucher, deceased.

At the house of Joseph Davis, in Haverford Township, (D. C.) on the 15th inst. by Edward Hunter, Esq. Mr. Thomas Rheudolph, to Miss Deborah Hayworth, both of that place.

DIED....At New-York, on the morning of the 24th inst. Mr. Philip Hamilton, eldest son of General Hamilton, in the 20th year of his age, of a wound received in a duel with Captain George I. Eacker.—On Monday the fatal duel took place. Young Hamilton was shot through the body, on the first discharge, and fell without firing. He languished until the next morning, and then expired.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

"A Maid," in reply to *A Bachelor*, will appear next week, as a counterpart to the crabbed effusions of *A Cross Old Maid*, in the present number.

"N's Riddle," is not accompanied with the answer.

"L'Allegro," muse sings well, and soars above mediocrity; but his quill is too deeply dipped in gall. We hint to the parties the propriety of dropping their present controversy.

The construction of "*An Enigmatical list of young Gentlemen*," appears itself to be an *Enigma*, of which the writer alone can give us the solution.

"Consolatory Reflections on the loss of a dear Infant," will appear next week.

TEMPLE of the MUSES.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO MISS LESLIE,

ON HER POEM, CALLED "WINTER,"
INSERTED IN THE LAST NUMBER
OF THE REPOSITORY.

*Then, with the sweet flames the muse endow'd,
Flames never to the illib'ral thought ally'd.
.....How bright her early morn!
What lasting joys her smiling fate portends!*

NICKLE.

SWEETLY, in spring, the lark salutes
the day;
Sweet is the rock-bird's ever-varying lay;
Sweet pour the groves their melodies along;
Yet sweeter is MELLINIA's artless song!

When rosy-finger'd FLORA spreads her
stores,
How glows the landscape with unnumber'd
flow'rs;
How lovely ev'ry meadow, hill and lawn!
Yet lovelier is MELLINIA's picture drawn.

For there, we see, in magic tints pour-
tray'd,
A lively image of the beauteous maid;
Where elegance of form and fancy join,
While her bright soul beams out in every
line.

And more her harmonies of sound inspire
Than tuneful warblings of the plucky choir;
For there, good sense, and poetry combin'd,
Breathe in each note, and speak the embodied
mind.

Lo! her ideal garden fills the view,
With variegated decorations new;
See there unfading spring for ever bloom,
When nature round is wrapt in winter's
gloom.

Behold her finely-pictur'd green-house
there,
Enclosing flow'rs most excellent and rare;
Whose gay luxuriance, and whose bright-
en'd forms
Heighten, contrasted with surrounding
storms.

These tho' faint emblems of herself and
art,
Enchant the eye, and captivate the heart;
Her charms, her loveliness, her worth dis-
play.
Whose soul symmetry, whose life is May.

MILLINIA! well thy pencil has design'd
Th' exhaustless treasures of the cultur'd
mind;
Whose fruits, matur'd, give rapture to the
eye,
When all its youthful, roseate beauties die.

Accomplish'd Fair One! all that mind is
thine;
In thee, each excellence and beauty shine:

And long may'st thou employ thy tuneful
powers,
In thine own lov'd COLUMBIA's blissful
bow'rs.

Tho' Auburn's Village and Britannia's isle,*
Have patroniz'd thy numbers with a smile,
Thy native country and her people claim
Some "incense-kindled at the Muses
flame."†

Here, too, the sun of genius warms the
clime;
Here, themes unfold, gay, copious and sub-
lime;
Here, taste and science bless our western
And nature in all forms you may explore.

Come, then, MELLINIA strike again thy
lyre;
Awake those melodies which all admire;
O cheer us with thy son-enlivening lay,
And charm our winter and his glooms away.
AMYN FOR.

* The writer understands that Miss Leslie is a native
of America; that she was in London when her Winter
poem was printed; and that she has since returned, is
now in Jersey, and will shortly reside in Philadelphia.
† Gray's Elegy.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

TO THE BACHELOR.

WELL, Mr. Bachelor;—you've spoke at
last,
Too late I doubt, when life's meridian's past;
When you're grey perhaps, and tir'd of life,
You seek the comfort of a nursing wife.
Think you to tempt us with your dainty
dishes?

Or think you wives are to be had for wishes?
What man by wishing e'er obtain'd a wife?
And who would such a dotard chuse for life?
A man recluse,—afraid to walk the streets,
Aha! h'd, ashamed of every girl he meets,
So sheepish and demure;—alas! poor fellow,
I know not who'd possess your vacant pillow.
Your youth and beauty I am apt to doubt,
And think you want good nursing in the
gout;

(books,
Your house, your dainties, and your musty
Bestow upon your scullion maids or cooks:
We maidens want far better things than these,
Something more lively, and more sure to
please.

Women prefer a man of youth and merit,
Not one who hides himself for want of spirit.
You'd have the ladies pay their devoirs first,
And visit Bachelors—eat up with rust.
Call on them to eat dainties, and read books,
And take a surfeit at their squalid looks.
Alas you ask, "What can, what must be
done?"

I answer, when you see a lady,—run;
Run from her lest she see your ma-kish face,
And mark your bashful blushes with disgrace.
"You must not, dare not, stop them in the
street?"

Yes, could you like a man, the ladies greet;
And then you need not "enter strangers'
houses."

To pay your "adoration to their spouses!"
And when your suit to daughters you prefer,
With vulgar accents, such as "pretty dear,"
No marvel you cannot obtain a wife,
Tho' you embellish it with "dearest life."

Women are not such fools as you may think,
But at your sexes follie often wink;
Oft smile applause, and oft the frown forbear,
Suppress the laugh, and oft the retort spare.

Now, sir, I pause,—and then resume the
task.

To solve the doubtful questions which you
ask— (grace?)

"Why does your table no kind female
Because you never sought to fill the place;
"Alone why do you daily drink your wine?"
Because to wedlock you did ne'er incline.
"Why no kind partner of your downy bed?"
Because old bachelor a partner dread.
Of women there are plenty, at vays willing
The great and first command to be ful-
filling;

But bachelor's, the blot on God's creation,
Like cowards, quit their post—desert their
station.

And you sir, notwithstanding your pretence,
Have studied less to please than give offence;
Your quaint address o' ladies is so blunt,
'Tis only calculated to affront.

"Come some dear girl with kindness in
your eyes!" (pies!)

Come make my puddings and help eat my
No wonder girls of sense your suit despise.
Is this the way to win a fair one's heart?
To bid her come eat apple-pies and tart:
No Mr. Bachelor, your pies may moulder,
Your wine grow stale, and your dear self
much older.

E're cupid will assist you with his dart,
To pierce a lovely maiden thro' the heart.
A CROSS OLD MAID.

FOR THE PHILADELPHIA REPOSITORY.

AN ACROSTIC

ON MAT LIDA.

Most lovely of the lovely kind,
Ador'd with every charm to bind,—
Triumphant love in every glance;
In every look what pleasures dance!
Lucid beauties round thee shine,
Disbanding rapt'rous joys divine;
And adoration's task be mine. T.D.

SONNET TO A POOR MAN.

SWEET Mercy! how my very heart has bled
To see thee, poor man! and thy grey hairs,
Hoar with the snowy blast; while no one
cares
To clothe thy shrivell'd limbs and palsied
head!

My father! throw away this tatter'd vest,
That mocks thy shriv'ring: Take my gar-
ment, use

A young man arm:—I'll melt these fro-
zen dews
That hang from thy white beard, and numb
thy breast.

My Sarah, too, shall tend thee, like a child;
And thou shalt talk, in our fire-side's
recess,

Of purple pride, which scowls on wretch-
edness.—

He did not scowl, the CALILEAN mild,
Who met the Lazar torn'd from rich
men's doors,

And call'd him friend, and wept upon his
sores!